



**Rude**

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## **Rude** by orphan\_account

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**Summary:**

"It's very rude to come into a house uninvited."

# Rude

## Author's Note:

im sorry omg...  
i hate this but maybe y'all gon like it  
ALSO sorry if there's any mistakes. i tried but

Derry was the weirdest town you've ever been in.

It wasn't the behavior of the people. Yes, there were very isolationist, making it difficult to gain connections within the town. But that wasn't the problem- lots of small towns were like that.

Derry was off.

There was something about the town that was wrong, and you knew it. It was almost in the air, in a way. You felt within your gut that something terrifying, unknown, and downright *evil* lurked within the town. Everyone else seemed to feel it, too. There was also that damned house.

Located on Neibolt Street, and the aura surrounding it seemed even worse. Something demonic was in that house. Yet, you were strangely drawn to it, in the oddest way possible. There was something darkly alluring about it, and you needed to know what it was.

Like a fool, you went one night. The moon wasn't out, and the stars were the only lights in the blank sky as you quietly tiptoed into the house. Immediately, you were assaulted with the smell of dirt, dust, and decay, and you felt an urge to turn back, which you suppressed. You pressed forward, the old floorboards creaking underneath your weight. Using your flashlight to scan the room, you note the layers of dust and spiderwebs caked on virtually every surface.

All of a sudden, you heard a faint, ominous noise nearby. Every single muscle in you tensed up, fearing the absolute worst. With shallow breaths, you stayed completely still, the only noise being

the ominous noise (which was growing louder) and your hammering heart.

A little mouse scampers by your feet, and you relax and laugh at your own paranoia. It's just a house- what threats can there seriously be? You turn on your heel, and are quickly stopped as you feel a gloved hand on your neck.

Wheezing, your eyes narrow in an attempt to see what is grabbing your neck. Upon further inspection, you realize it's a fucking clown. Squirming in his grip, you catch enough breath and smell popcorn and candy, but it's not comforting- it just makes you sick. And underneath that, filth and sewage and rot.

The popcorn and candy was stronger, though.

"Tsk, tsks," he says, clearly feigning disappointment. "It's very rude to come into a house uninvited."

Struggling more, he lets out a jolly laugh. "Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Pennywise, the *dancing* clown!"

You merely whimper in response, and he releases his grip on your neck, instead putting both of his (incredibly large) hands on your face.

"Turn that frown upside down!"

He pulls on your cheeks and makes you "smile", while you make a noise of discomfort. Summoning all the strength you can (not a lot, considering how much you're trembling) you try to push him away, but merely push yourself back, falling on your ass.

You push yourself back further, desperately trying to get away, but don't get very far before he grabs your wrists and leans forward, putting his face uncomfortably close to yours.

"Time to float!"

He laughs after he says it, as if it's the funniest joke in the world.

Drool escapes his mouth and drips onto your shirt, making you writhe desperately. Leaning in, he takes a long, uncomfortable inhale as he buries his fake into your neck.

"You smell *delicious*," he croons, and the knowledge of what he's going to do takes over your body as you pass out.

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Opening your eyes slowly, you feel a wet, grimy substance all over you. With an inhale, you breathe in a horrible, sickening smell.

He bought you into the damn sewers.

Slowly, carefully, you stand up, placing your hands on the filthy ground. Stumbling forward, your mind races with ideas of getting the fuck out of these sewers when you bump into a solid mass and fall on your ass again.

"Where ya going?" he questions, leering down at your filthy, terrified form. You don't answer, merely trembling, bracing yourself for the end.

"You know, you still haven't apologized for being so rude earlier. *Buuuut*, I know how you can make it up to me." He smiles, a horrifying sneer that shows off his many, many sharp teeth. Screwing your eyes shut, you pray as hard as humanly possible that he won't kill you.

"Open your eyes," he demands, his voice suddenly lower and even worse than usual. You hesitantly obey, and watch as his hand shifts in front of your very eyes, becoming a dark, clawed... thing.

He lowers his hand between his legs and tears his own clothes, and his huge cock is freed.

"Please, don't," you plead, hopelessly trying to bargain with him. "I won't come back to the house, I won't ever mention this, just d-don't

do this-

You're abruptly cut off when his other hand roughly grabs you by the hair and forces your mouth on his cock. You squirm wildly, gagging as the tip slams into the back of your throat. Feeling something wet drip onto your head, you cringe upon realizing it's his own drool. He thrusts wildly into your mouth, and lets out growls of pleasure, although you quickly notice through teary eyes that only a third of his length can fit into your mouth. He lets you go for a brief second and you cough, watching as thick streams of your own saliva dribble down your chin. Before you can even form a sentence in protest, he slams right back into your mouth.

You openly sob, moan, and whine against him as he brutally fucks your face, but it doesn't seem to deter him. The edges of your vision go fuzzy and you feel bile rise in your throat and seriously begin to worry that you may vomit all over him, or faint, or both, but he lets you go (for real) and you swallow the bile back down, and gasp for precious air.

Shame consumes your thoughts as you reel back and realize your face is covered in drool, thick saliva, and tears. This is quickly forgotten about, however, as he advances on top of you, pushing your wrists down on the ground, sending sharp jolts of pain throughout them as you cringe, knowing he probably just broke them.

He leans down again, right against your neck, and breathes in deeply, shuddering against your body as you whine.

"Tasty, tasty fear..."

You try to squirm against him, but you don't manage to move at all. Releasing your aching wrists, you watch in horror as he tears your pants and underwear open, exposing your cunt.

"Please, don't do this. Just leave me alone," you wheedle, your voice weak and shaky.

He merely laughs in response and you feel a knot in your stomach, and have to use all of your strength not to get sick right then and

there. He rubs a clawed finger against you, and you cry out, shivers going up your spine. He taps your clit before pulling away, the glint of your fluids visible on his finger. He smiles a sharp, toothy grin before pulling you up so you can clearly see as he pulls back and rams all of himself inside of you.

His cock fills you up completely, and manages to hit the edges of your cunt with each thrust. You cry and sob and beg for mercy, but your pleas fall on deaf ears. He slams into you with brutal speed and force, lewd, wet noises filling the air. His growling and your cries mix together as he leans forward, tearing the top of your shirt off and aggressively fondling your tits. He drools excessively, all of it pooling lewdly onto you as you whimper.

Your stomach tightens and you whine, feeling disgusted as you cum around him, your fluids spurting out all over his cock as you feel all your muscles slacken, leaving you almost like some sort of ragdoll.

He leans forward and opens his mouth, snapping it shut an inch away from your face. You screech in fear and he repeats the action, again and again, clearly savoring your fear. All you want is to get away, but all your muscles are so exhausted you clearly never will.

Tears stream down your cheeks as he violently thrusts, but he suddenly stops, and shoves himself as deep as he can inside of you. You felt him pulsing, and moan in fear of what's about to happen.

He cums, and floods your lower stomach with warmth. The realization that he cums a *lot* more than anything you'd ever expect is quick, and you lay there for what feels like forever as more of the substance pumps into you, bloating your stomach. Eventually, it begins to leak out, despite him still being inside of you. It makes your pussy feel even more sensitive, causing you to convulse as you cum again. He pulls away, causing a river of white to pour out of you. Egging it on, he pushes on your stomach lightly, causing more to come out quicker as you pathetically twitch underneath him.

Suddenly, he lurches upward and bites into your shoulder, causing blood to spurt out and you to scream in pain. The pain seems to take over your entire body as he sucks the blood out of you, and begin to

beg for your life, desperate. He doesn't respond when he pulls away, but instead gives you a bloody smile.

"Go to sleep," he whispers, quiet as ever, in your ear. You feel dread course throughout you, but you ultimately do, taking less than a minute to do so, and you re-experience this event in your dreams, unable to get away- even in sleep.

**Author's Note:**

WHEW LAD  
im orphaning this real quik so yeah  
i hope u had fun?